ART IN GROTESQUE FORM. Curiously Carved Columns on the Coast of Alaska-Indian Legends. Washington Pest

The coast of Alaska is made picturesque by immense columns of wood, rising sixty or seventy feet into the air, carved with grotesque figures and painted in all the grotesque figures and painted in all the brilliant colors known to savage art. Many of these columns are rendered more conspicuous by being surmounted with ravens, cranes and bears, which stretch their wooden wings or sit upon their stiff haunches in silhouette distinctness against the sky. Each of these columns stands in front of an Indian lodge. Each has its own story to tell—a story which, when interpreted, is full of romance, of tragedy, and of superstition. Over in the National Museum, in a little corner, shut off from some hammering workmen by maroon-colored screens, Ensign Albert P. Niblack, U. S. N., is busy finishing a report, which tells not only of these curious columns, but is full of interesting matter about the natives of Alaska. For three seasons Mr. Niblack, who is a son esting matter about the natives of Alaska. For three seasons Mr. Niblack, who is a son of Judge Niblack, of Indiana, remained in Alaskan waters, studying the habits and history of the Alaska Indians and bringing back with him a mass of interesting material and several hundred photographs. Many of the latter are instantaneous pictures of bits of nature which struck the young officer's fancy—salmon leaping a waterfall, the surface of the ocean rippled by immense runs of hering and the edge of a cliff, with nothing else in the picture save an eagle soaring in the sky. "It is the most lonesome picture the sky. "It is the most lonesome picture I ever saw," said Robert G. Ingersoll, as he looked at the latter photograph. "It is as lonesome as the old chimney of a burned

"My visit to Alaska," said Mr. Niblack to the reporter as he took up the manuscript and illustrations of his book, "was due to the carrying out of a scheme of the Navy Department in ordering eighteen officers to fit themselves for exploring work. Several officers went with the Greely relief expedition, several others are connected with the Fish Commission steamers, and others, myself among them, were drafted into the Alaska coast survey service. I found that the Indians on the coast differed radically from those in the

"They live in primitive villages, spending most of their time, however, in canoes, and, as their food is easy to secure, life is comparatively easy for them. The food supply is gathered mainly in the summer months, and the long winters are leisurely spent in feasting, dancing and gambling, in working raw materials into inished products, in relating the deeds of their ancestors, while seated around log fires, and in practicing the elaborate cere-monials for which these Indians are pecu-

"What do these villages look like?" "They are extremely picturesque, the most striking feature being tall, elaborately-carved columns in front of the different houses or lodges. These houses are capable of containing twenty to thirty peo-ple, and involve in their costruction the heaviest timbers and the co-operation of many hands. The builder, too, must go to enormous expense in feasting and entertaining his guests. He distributes gifts so profusely that he is frequently nothing but a beggar when his house is finished. This ceremony of distribution is called 'pot latch,' and is frequently practiced by those who aspire to a high rank among the Indians. It takes as much delicacy and shrewdness to distribute these gifts as it does to select partners for an army and navy german in Washington. The Indians, however, are not without guile, and they give most largely to those whom they think will return in kind."

"On what is rank based?" "Position among the Alaska Indians is secured mainly by all the arts of assertion, bargain, intrigue, wealth, display and personal prowess. The unit of wealth is a Hudson Bay Company's blanket, of the quality of two and one-half points, and a copper shield is worth about 200 blankets. Many of the chiefs are quite wealthy; each family has its totem, representing the animal from which it has descended. Each individual belongs to one of these totems, and may marry only into certain other totems. A child takes the totem of its mother. The inheritance of property is

through the mother.
"A man's nephew (his sister's son) is his heir, and a chief's son can only succeed to his father's title and weaith by being adopted by the chief's sister. Descent is practically in the female line, and the women have the greatest influence in the tribe. They conduct the bargains, and their word is law. In the respect which is shown to women these Indians certainly command the admiration of civilized peo-

"What do the carvings on the tall col-umns represent?"

"The carved columns erected in front of the houses are of two kinds, totemic and mortuary. The totemic columns, which are the most prominent, are heraldic in their significance, and indicate the totem of the inhabitant of the lodge, besides illustrating in a crude pictographic way some legend of ancestral prowess. There is one column, for instance," said Mr. Niblack, taking up a photograph. "It is surmounted by a carved representation of the owner's totem. Below it is an illustration of the legend of Yetl, the great raven, who stole fresh water and the new moon the enemy of man, and them to the Indians. Underit is the story, universal on the coast, of the bear and the hunter, which admonishes wives to be faithful to their husbands. The lowest figure, which contains the hole through which the occupant of the cottage drives, as it were, into his home, represents the totem of the wife. A very common picture is of a white face, with two little figures. This commemorates the story of a white man who long ago carried off two Indian children. The bear is very conspicuous in these legends. There is the story of the bear mother, which the Indian artists delight to illustrate in exquisite carvings. Ages ago some Indian hunter spoke disrespectfully of the bear. Thereupon the latter stole a woman and married her. The child was half bear and half man, and from this mixture of human and animal many of the families proudly trace their descent. So strong is superstition among these Indians that even now when hunters see the tracks of a bear they talk about the animal in a

of a bear they talk about the animal in a most complimentary terms to each other so that the bear may not take offense. This is not as funny, however, as the fact that we find among their drawings the picture of the little demon down in the water who steals the bait from the hooks."

Mr. Niblack's report goes so extensively into all the habits and customs, the myths and legends, and the political, social and tribal organization of these original Alaskans, that it is impossible to tell all that he knows in the limits of a newspaper article. Mere mention can only be made of the facts that these Indians, although growing tobacco, never knew until the growing tobacco, never knew until the white men came that it was good for smoking as well as chewing; of their canoes, sometimes sixty feet long and eight feet wide, with their occupants bandy-legged from much sitting in them; of their bloody wars and peaceful pleasures; their inveterate love of gambling; their ceremonials for the dead; their marriage feasts, their dances and their immoralities. They are a curious people, about which there is a great deal to learn, and Mr. Niblack's report will do a great deal towards adding to the popular knowledge.

LEACH AND THE RAT. Senator Quay's Private Secretary Tells a Good

Story on Himself.

"I do not usually tell a joke on myself," remarked Frank Leach, private secretary remarked Frank Leach, private secretary to Senator Quay, to a party of friends yesterday, "but one happened to me last night about 11 o'clock which is too good to keep. I was coming up the avenue at that hour, when I noticed a huge rat slipping along the gutter in front of me. I made for him with my umbrella as a weapon and lambasted the pavement around him in a wild endeavor to knock him out, but it was no go. He kept out of the way, and I kept up the fight. He ran along under the curb and I charged after him, more anxious to get him as he showed signs of anxiety to get of all observers on the avenue at that hour.
It wasn't very light, however, and there were not many people abroad, so I didn't learn to manage their own business affairs care much. Across a street and along the next square the rat went and I after him, families and to society. The financial ques-

and about fifty feet in front of me I saw a boy on the run, dodging behind the tree-boxes. At the same time I observed that the rat moved about the same time the boy did, and then it struck me that the boy had a string tied to the rat and the rat was a dead body and I was—well, it doesn't make any difference what I was. I immediately had an engagement up the first side street I came to, and the way I gathered up the wreck of my umbrella and went away into the darkness was a sight to behold. If that blamed boy hadn't stopped to laugh I believe I'd be chasing that confounded rat yet;" and Mr. Leach kicked over a chair and went out to get a breath of fresh air. and about fifty feet in front of me I saw a and went out to get a breath of fresh air.

THE TRAMP AND THE DOGS.

Bob Burdette's Sympathy for an Abused Canine Draws Out an Essay from a Wayfarer.

A day or two ago I strolled out for a pleasant March walk in the miry country roads that lead through bottomless pits of mud at this delightful season of the changing year. We live out of doors a great deal in Bryn Mawr. When we can, we walk, when we can't walk we wade: when somebody offers us a lift, we ride. We strew the lea with overshoes of differing sizes. Here and there the plowman, as he homeward plods his weary way, finds one that makes him think of Cinderella, and there and here he picks up another that reminds him of the man in the seven league boots. Oftimes the man of leisure, returning erstwhile from a woodland stroll, is hailed by the anxious villager and asked what he will take to dig a well on his place, for the apparel, touched in spots and streaks by the soft fingers of good mother earth, seems to proclaim the digger. I take these aimless saunterings in the soft days and ways of yielding spring, not so much for amusement as less for health. On the day of which mention was made in the preceding chapter, I paused as I neared the residence of a neighbor. A bulldog stood listlessly in the road, awaiting my approach. I dislike to see a dog, especially a fiery, untamed dog of the Ukraine breed, unoccupied, for Satan finds some mischief still for idle dogs to do. A busy dog is seldom dangerous, but an idle dog oppressed with ennui—and this was an ennuiry-looking dog—is ready for anything that promises him a moment's amusement, no matter how painful the divertisement may be to others. I lingered, therefore, to give the dog a chance to think of something that would call him far from the madding crowd. The thought occurred to me that he might have read what I had idly penned about the dogs of Bryn Mawr, and was avent the chosen of the dogs of Bryn Mawr, and was avent the chosen of the dogs o Letter in Brooklyn Eagle. A day or two ago I strolled out for a pleasight have read what I had idly penned about the dogs of Bryn Mawr, and was even then chewing the cud of bitter memories and harsh resentment, intending to take the taste out of his mouth by masticating portions of my perishing frame, which I had with me at the time. But while I loitered, an occupation for which I am gifted by nature with superior qualifications, a tramp passed me, carrying with him an air of unconcern and nonchalance, which is so characteristic of the only leis-ure class in America, and he lightly bal-anced his steps with a jack-oak club. which seemed to have been born in knotty times. As he approached the dog, I, following close in his protecting wake, saw that I had been altogether mistaken in the animal's mood. He had dined, and was simply feeling good natured and sociable after dinner, and was waiting at the gate for a chance bit of gossip or a passing word with any dog or man who happened along. He wagged his tail pleasantly and looked up the tramp's face, with as near a smile as a dog can put on. The wayfarer raised his cudgel

and brought it down on the unoffending dog with a mighty whack that made the hair fly, and filled all the leafless woods and spreading vales with piteous clamor. My wrath was greater than my prudence.
As the stricken dog shot for the protection
of the barn I indignantly turned to the
man. "What made you hit that dog?" I demanded; "he was perfectly peaceable; he didn't make a motion to bite you." "Stranger," said the wanderer, "I know he was peaceable; I knowed he warn't goin' to bite me. But dogs and us is enemies. He might want to bite me some time; nobody knows. But now he won't dare for to try it. He knows me now; he'll never offer to bite me. I kin go to that house any hour, day or night, an' that dog won't hurt me. He'll bark and raise an awful row, but he won't come nigh enough to bite. I always make it a rule, always to hit a dog as hard as I kin, every time I git a chance, no matter how friendly he wants to be. Then he knows me; he remembers me, an' I never worry about him no more. You remember that; it don't cost you nothing; always hit a dog every time you get a chance, and hit him hard enough an' once 'll be often enough; he'll remember it, an' though he'll bark his lungs out at you every time he sees you he'll never offer to bite you." After a little more of this instructive conversation, I told the wonderer I knew of a dog which would be greatly improved in his manner of approaching strangers by a 50-cent course of instruction at his club, but when I described him, the professor shook his head. "That dog," he said, "has been to school to me. I came by his house one day last year and had a few words with him. I passed his house half an hour ago, and I'll bet you money that he won't be seen in the front yard agin this day. Thank'y, sir; some time when I'm comin' by, if there's anything in my line I kin do for you, let me know." He disappeared over the hills toward Conshohocken, and thinking of the other backs and heads that would ache before he saw the yellow Schuylkill laugh and gleam among the oak trees, I forgot my

own lighter cares and troubles, and even smiled when the treacherous clay which received my next footfall, opened the earthy treasures of its hidden spring and squirted a stream of muddy water up my trousers leg, so to speak, and out at the back of my neck. So, answering the March breezes with my merry peals of inaudible laughter, with blithesome step I tripped my way homeward, tra, la, la, and soaked my legs in the horse trough a few hours before proceeding to lay a cart road through my ansisteral halls.

THE TINDER-BOX.

own lighter cares and troubles, and even

nsisteral halls.

An Indispensable Domestic Accessory in Use for Many Centuries. For many centuries the tinder-box, or something closely analogous, must have been the only means by which fire was artifically produced in England. The writer possesses an old tinder-box which has been used for many years, but of course since the introduction of matches it has been cast away as mere lumber. As an original specimen of the common type of those indispensable accessories of domestic life during many centuries, it is of considerable antiquarian interest, although it is of no intrinsic value whatever. It is a circular box of tin, four inches in diameter and an inch and a half in height. It originally possessed a lid, which was probably furnished with a socket for the candle, by means of which the flame developed from the spark on the tinder was preserved; means of which the flame developed from the spark on the tinder was preserved; but unfortunately the lid is lost. The steel, shaped to fit the hand, upon which the flint was struck to produce the spark, and flat plate of tin, designed to extinguish the smouldering tinder which the spark had ignited, both remain, and the steel bears marks of long-continued wear. A fragment of flint, too, which is in all liklihood that used for producing the sparks, has been considerably chipped and bruised by repeated contact with the steel; and it is interesting on that account, as showing interesting on that account, as showing what really is the effect of such wear. Upon comparison, we find that there is no important difference between this flint and those which we have described as having been found in conjunction with neolithic implements. On the contrary, it bears a strong resemblance to them; and what few variations there are, are only such as would necessarily arise from the variation in the time which has elapsed since the flints were chipped and broken.

The Newest Scheme in Women's Clubs.

The latest surprise in the way of women's clubs is one formed last fall in Chicago for the purpose of organizing the American Women's College of Practical Arts. The institution is an established fact, and its him as he showed signs of anxiety to get away. I ran him for about a square, and by that time a crowd of boys and a dog were following me, and I was the observed and general office work. This college has next square the rat went and I after him, bound to get him if I had to go clear to Georgetown or perish in the attempt. The chase began to grow exciting, too, and the small boys were having as much fun as I was, if not more. Every now and then the darned rat would stop and I'd jump for him with my umbrella and whack the pavement a lick, but the rat would be six or eight feet away and I'd go for him again. Well, it kept up this way for about three than it did a decade ago, and there are a dozen organizations now for the advancement of industrial interests where there is one for political enfranchisement. The brainy women have found out that the first requisite for successful work in any field is capital, and as the sex, as a sex, is poor, the reformers are all talking the financial question, and effectively, it would seem. TRAIN DISPATCHING.

Most important of all those into whose

A Position Requiring a Good Brain and Unceasing Vigilance. St. Louis Republic.

hands the traveling public intrust their lives is the train-dispatcher, who, from his office, watches every movement with a trained eye, and with his telegraph instrument directs the coming and the going of all. For this important duty is required a man with a cool, clear head, fertile in expedients and prompt to act. Long experience in the handling of trains must have made him familiar with every detail of his business, and above all, he must be sober and careful guarding against every conand careful, guarding against every contingency which may arise. First, he must have a thorough knowledge of the division which he has under his charge, and must know the exact location and capacity of every side track, as well as every curve and grade. He can tell you the capacity and speed of every engine on the line, under all conditions, and has the traits and peculiarities of every engineer the line, under all conditions, and has the traits and peculiarities of every engineer clearly in his mind. He must make a careful allowance for the condition of the track and must be able to judge with exactitude the effect which the slightest moisture in rendering the rails slippery, may have upon the progress of a train. All these and a thousand more details of greater of less importance must enter into his calculations. portance must enter into his calculations, and to say that he is a busy man would but and to say that he is a busy man would but fainty convey a proper conception of the work which he is called upon to perform. In his office, at his desk, with his train sheet constantly before him, he sits and watches the movements and progress of every train, his practiced eye noting every incident that my give rise to the slightest complication. As each train passes a telegraph station he is promptly notified by the operator there, and this he carefully notes upon the sheet before him, which enables him at any and all times to know with mathematical exactness the location of every train upon the line. So long as everything goes smoothly his task, provided his training be of the proper kind, is comparatively easy, and his face wears an expression of good-natured complacency. In a moment, however, all this may be changed, and the complacent look gives way to one of anxiety, the lines of care deeper, and the eye watches with growing interest the latest reports. An engine has broken down upon the main line, and the train which she has been pulling is hopelessly delayed until another engine can be sent to the scene of the mishan. lessly delayed until another engine can be sent to the scene of the mishap. This is a matter of no great importance, but while engaged in straightening it out another accident, more serious in its re-

sults, occurs down the line, and then the hard work begins in earnest. A freight train, while running at a high rate of speed, is derailed by some defect in the tracks, or a misplaced switch, and engine and cars are piled promiscuously together, blocking the way and stopping all traffic. In a mo-ment all is hurry and confusion. A train of wreckers is pushed forward to the scene of trouble, and the work of clearing the wreck begins.

The great object is to clear the way and allow all trains to proceed with as little delay as possible. Gangs of men go to work with a will and remove the debris, saving such merchandise as is not hopelessly damaged. Disabled cars are hitched on to and pulled by sheer force clear of the roadbed, and in an almost miraculously brief space of time, the torn-up track is replaced and everything once more is in complete working order. In the meantime everything has been delayed, and the dispatcher, with all possible haste, turns his entire attention to the task of hurrying the trains

forward once more. Next in importance to the dispatcher is the engineer, who, from his post in the cab of his engine, controls the monstrous machine which is dashing on through space bearing behind it its cargo of human souls. His horse never falters as he grasps the throttle, and his eye scarcely for a moment deserts the two glittering lines of steel that stretch away before him. He scrutinizes carefully every foot of the line, and if the slightest obstacle or defect appears the air-brake is applied with almost the quickness of thought, and in a moment the train is brought to a sudden standstill. He realizes fully the dangers of his position, but with a heroic devotion to duty well worthy of a greater cause he remains at his post to the last, and if need be goes down to his death with the fortitude of a hero. No words of praise too great can be uttered in his be-

Of the others, who each perform their respective parts in the control and management of our trains, each in his place does his duty well, and to each is due the gratitude of all who travel on the 150,000 miles of our American railways. The conductor, equally with the engineer, bears his part in the great work of caring for the safety and comfort of those under their care, and though his position is less dangerous and laborious, his responsibility is none the less and he displays in times of danger the same devotion to the interest of all.

And so in a lesser degree do the fireman and brakeman help to preserve the property of their employers and to protect the passengers on their trains.

CHARMS OF THE WEST. Some Remarkable Attractions Discovered by a Puget Sound Tourist.

Mr. E. W. S. Tingle has returned from a visit to Tacoma and Seattle, where he went to look over the field with a view to start-Western land. Mr. Tingle is very enthusiastic over the country, and thinks that it is a trifle more like the Garden of Eden than any place he has seen of late years. "When you climb over the Rocky mountains it is like getting over the garden wall," he said, in a horse of anthusiasm. "I am thoroughly in a burst of enthusiasm. "I am thoroughly convinced that it was on this spot that the Deity smiled His sweetest smile. Flowers bloom perennially in that sunny land, and the murmur of the cowslips as they raise their heads in the balmy air chimes in with singing of the birds to form the most entrancing melodies. The bread-fruit trees grow luxuriantly in Seattle, and I discovered one variety on which grew rye bread with caraway seeds in it, such as is often imported and used on free-lunch counters of our modern civilization. Flamingoes and other tropical birds are common there, and in the stream abound purple mullet and goldfish. I caught some of the latter. I have seen roses there growing on bushes as large as the ink rollers of my late printing press, while the rose leaves are so large and succulent that the citizens fry them and use them for food. Attar of roses is a common beverage, and the entire community is very sweet-scented by reason of this fact. At Tacoma the entire picture is duplicated. Nature has not spared her bounties there. I was shown some samples of wool that I was shown some samples of wool that grew on the hydraulic rams. I am convinced that a factory for the manufacture of hydraulic rams could do a paying business at wool-growing. Cows are kept for their beef alone, for the ingenious citizens have reduced the cultivacitizens have reduced the cultivation of the milk weed to such a high degree of perfection that they furnish all
that is needed in the way of dairy products.
Some of those milk weeds produce the richest kind of cream, and as the warm breezes
sway them to and fro. this cream soon
turns to butter by the gentle undulation. I
think a newspaper could be made to bring
in a rich return to its owner. The county
printing there is very fat, for it seems to
keep pace with the other native products.
Carrier pigeons are trained to visit merchants and solicit subscriptions and display
advertisements, and they do this with an
intelligence that is remarkable. The printing press could be run by water power, and ing press could be run by water power, and under that clear sky and healthy atmos-phere I am convinced that the office boy would soon acquire the habit of writing leading editorials and condensed paragraphs. So the running expenses are bound to be light. It is possible that I am too conservative in my views, but I cannot help saying that I was favorably impressed with the entire country which I visited."

No Money for the Indian's Wife.

Washington Special to Chicago Times. Whenever I tire of hearing politics I seek
the seclusion which the department of
Indian affairs, under Bishop Oberly, grants.
I was down there—or up would be better,
for he is on the fifth floor—yesterday.
A real Indian came in. He was attired
in red paint and feathers. He had ran away
from his tribe and joined a circus. Somewhere in the State of New York he formed
the acquaintance of a white woman, who i at white won listened to his tale of woe and married him. The object of his visit was to procure means to reach the wigwam. He had tired of civilization.

"Tired of your wife?" asked the Commissioner. "No; me no tired of her. Me like her.

was from the white squaw, and a well-writ-ten plea to be allowed to return with her husband to his wigwam. She wrote that she loved him, and would go with him to

the end of the earth. The Commissioner said there was no law to prevent her from going, but the red man would have to pay her expenses.

"Me can't do that now," the Indian replied. "Me go back to her, and she get money to go with me, and then me come here and get money for myself." here and get money for myself."

WAYS OF WIDOWS.

They Have an Advantage Over Their Younger Sisters and Are More Wily and Winsome.

New Orleans Picayune.

It is undeniable that widows are the autocrats of society, and men flock about them wherever they go. No one has ever denied their fascinations, and Weller's advice to his son, if he wished to avoid matrimony to "bevare of vidders," has been quoted thousands of times. In many ways the widow has the advantage of her younger sisters. She has the benefit of a large knowledge and experience of the world, her arts and coquetries are perfected, not in the experimental and undeveloped state of the debutantes, and, above all, she has the inestimable advantage of knowing men with the accurate and intimate knowledge gained by association with one who was probably a fair representative of his sex. She knows how to give little dinners that make the most hardened bachelor think indulgently of the marriage state. She knows that man likes his ease, and does not insist on his dancing in perpetual attendance on her. She does not insist on a man's talking about balls and theaters and new german figures. She follows rather his lead to his own ground, and listens with subtle flattery in eyes and face while he descants on his favorite hobby. A young girl is always self-centered, absorbed in her own affairs, her dresses, her parties; it is only grace and art that teach a woman to sink her own personality in the presence of the person with whom she is talking. Perhaps one of the chief charms of widows is their understanding of the fine art of sympathy. The sympathy of a young girl who has known New Orleans Picayune. chief charms of widows is their understanding of the fine art of sympathy. The sympathy of a young girl who has known nothing but joy is a crude and unsatisfying affair, the very husks on which no love could feed, but the sympathy of a widow, tenderly, daintily expressed, with a gentle melancholy that shows that she, too, has suffered—it is like the soft shadows in a picture, or the minor chord in a piece of music that sets the pulses throbbing. Having mourned for a man she knows how most ing mourned for a man she knows how most.

PLUCKING AN OSTRICH.

The Dangers and Difficulties of Harvesting a Crop of Feathers—How It Is Done.

Los Angeles Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.

A pluck at the Kenilworth ostrich-farm having been announced, a party of visitors took the train from Los Angeles for the scene of this unfamiliar form of harvesting. The ostrich-farm, which is situated about seven miles northeast of Los Angeles. ing mourned for a man she knows how most effectively to mourn with one.

A Chicago Alderman's Threat.

Chicago Journal. A conductor on one of the Wells-street cars is a native of Indiana, and came fresh from his native land during the last strike to accept his present job. When a reporter boarded his car the other day and paid his honest nickel, the Hoosier said: "Do you think they will change the name of Goethe street?" "I don't know. Why?" "Well, the other night I carried an Alderman with a pass-book two blocks past Goethe street, where he had intended to get off. Then he swore and said that if the conductors on the North-side couldn't learn how to pro-nounce Goethe so that passengers would know what they meant, he should introduce know what they meant, he should introduce an ordinance providing that every man of us should have his tongue slit like a parrot's, so we could talk. I fit in the war and am full of lead; fell out of a three-story window onet and broke three ribs; have been bit by a rattlesnake and by book agents, and have got a wife who has made me bald-headed; but before they can slit my tongue and bring me down on the level of a measly parrot I'll quit this job. But I wish they would change the name of that street." street."

Shrewd Management Required. Chicago News.

"You have no idea. sah, what a demawlized condition we were all in, after the wah. Fuhst thing they did, sah, was to send a —— Yankee down hyah to be poas'master. One morning Colonel Starbottle, perfect gentleman, sah—membah of one of our fuhst fam'lies—Colonel Starbottle went into the poas'office and handed in three letters at the window, saying: 'Mr. Poas-master, sah, I'll trouble you to put three stamps on those letters and charge the same to Colonel Starbottle.' Now, what do you reckon that —— Yankee poas'master did? He says, 'Colonel Starbottle, sah, we don't do business that way, sah,' and he pushed the letters back—back, sah, under Colonel Starbottle's nose. What did Colonel Starbottle do? What could he do? Why, sah, "You have no idea. sah, what a demawlbottle do? What could he do! Why, sah, be drew his pistol like a gentleman and shot that — Yankee poas master—shot him dead. Now, to show you how demawlized our institutions were: Bo you know, sah, that on account of that personal affair we all had the ——est time keeping Colo-nel Starbottle from becoming involved in

The Wrong Foot.

Detroit Free Press. "Dat eands dat," said a colored man who was brought into the central station the other day as a suspicious character. "What?" asked the sergeant.

"Dis yere." was the reply, as he produced a rabbit's foot and tossed it contemptuously on the desk. "Dat ar' de off hind fut of a "What is it good for?"

"Nuffin 'tall."

"What do you carry it for?" "Bought dat fut of an ole Kaintucky nigger, who said it would keep de ghosts off."
"Well, hasn't it?"

"Yes, de ghosts hain't come, but de pur-licemen has. Walked right up an' grabbed me 'fore I knowed it. What's de good to keep de ghosts off an' let de coppers grab ye. Doan' believe in de rabbit's fut no mo.' You jist keep it. Doan' want nuffin in my pocket dat walks me in yere an' sends me up fur six mouths."

Deadly Poison from the Human Lungs.

Prof. Brown-Sequard is reported to have lately informed the French Academy of Science that by condensing the watery vapor coming from the human lungs he obtained a poisonous liquid capable of producing almost immediate death. The poison is an alkaloid (organic), and not a microbe or series of microbes. He injected this liquid under the skin of a rabbit and the effect was speedily mortal without convulfect was speedily mortal without convulsions. Dr. Sequard said that it was fully proved that respired air contains a volatile element far more dangerous than the car-bonic acid which is one of its constituents, and that the human breath contains a high-ly poisonous agent. This startling fact should be borne in mind by the occupants of crowed horse cars and ill-ventilated apart-

Li Hung Chang's Name.

Pall Mall Gazette. "Why," asks a correspondent, "does your commissioner sometimes call the Uncrowned King of China Li Hung Chang, and sometimes Li Chung Tang?" The answer is easy: "Li Hung Chang" is for the English, for it is by that name that he is here generally known, but he should properly be called "La Chung Tang," that is, "Grand Secretary Li," or more simply when in his own province, "The Chung Tang." The foreign community at Tien-Tsin, at least all of them who have much to do with the Chinese invariably employ the last expression.

Feel It, if They Do Not Express It.

Deny it or disguise it as they may, there is no doubt whatever that to their inner consciousness a very large part of the Democratic party confess a greater degree of confidence in the administration of President Harrison than they ever had in that of President Cleveland, especially during the last two years of his term.

The Better Plan.

Wheeling Intelligencer. Some of the Democratic newspapershave advanced so far as to admit that there are signs visible to the naked eye of President Harrison's intention to be President. Well, this is certainly much better than farming the presidency out on shares, one half to the Democratic politicians, the other to the mugwumps.

Quite Natural.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

Every time the President makes an appointment the men who didn't get it set up a clamor that somebody else has too much influence. But the world and the President go on as if nothing unusal had happened—which is about the true state of the case.

It is a plain fact that 25 per cent. of the deaths in our larger cities are caused by Me want her to go back with me."

"The government can furnish you money on which to return, but it can't send your wife back." said the Commissioner.

The Indian couldn't understand that.
Then he gave the Commissioner a letter. It them for their ignorance?



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GEORGE A. RICHARDS. 77 South Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind. TELEPHONE 364.

THE SWEETEST AND MOST NUTRITIOUS.

about seven miles northeast of Los Angeles occupies a very pretty valley at the foot of one of the coast ranges, not far from the Burbank station, on the Southern Pacific

The ostriches are confined in a number of large corrals, in which the birds have free room to run about, scoop out their primi-tive nests, and make themselves generally quite at home. Four of these corrals are occupied by pairs of full-grown imported birds, at the present time occupied in lay-ing eggs. In other corrals are young birds, natives of California, which appear to be quite as healthy and promise to be as fine

quite as healthy and promise to be as fine as their African parents.

Plucking the birds is by no means a light undertaking. The one thing which makes ostriches manageable at all is that they cannot either fly or leap, or if they can they are not aware of their powers. Hence, an ordinary post and rail fence five feet high is sufficient to confine birds standing, perhaps, seven feet high, even when they are making the most desperate efforts to escape from the hands of their spoilers. But if they cannot fly they can run and kick, and a kick from one of their great strong legs is an experience which nobody cares to try. Thus in catching them it is always necessary carefully to avoid getting in front of them, for they can only kick straight forward.

When plucking is to begin three men enter the corral and approach the birds. They try to get the one they wish to catch up into a corner, but as the bird soon sees that his best chance lies in keeping in the open, he races first down one side of the corral, then up the other, making it appear as though it were an almost hopeless task to try and catch him. His strides are enormous, but his great feet and muscles of his thights are so strong that he comes along with a strangely easy, springy gait, in which very little is seen of the fool-ish awkwardness which is the first characteristic to strike strangers when they see the bird at rest.

After several quite vain attempts to reach the bird as he runs past, the quickest of the men throws himself upon one of the huge wings, and the first time, perhaps, finds himself sprawling on the ground, with a handful of broken feathers to reward him for his pains. Soon, however, somebody is fortunate enough to get a good hold, and by the time he has been dragged half way round the inclosure, the other two men also are to be seen firmly attached to some part of the body or wings of the bird. Then a sack is rapidly produced from the belt of one of the men and slipped over the head and long neck, at the lower end of which it is loosely tied. This greatly facilitates matter and it tied. This greatly facitates matters, and it is now no very difficult job to steer the strange looking creature into a corner of the corral which has been prepared for its reception. Here the fence has been strengthened with strong deal boards, and another heavy board is all ready to be swung around in such a way as to inclose the bird and his captors in a small corner, in which no great amount of struggling is

The first bird plucked was an old male. The young birds for the first two years of their life are all the same gray color which the females continue for their lives; but the females continue for their lives; but the males, after they are about two years old, become very handsome. They turn quite black, thus making a very handsome setting for the great white plumes which adorn their wings and tails. As they approach any one who is looking at them their beautiful bright black breasts remind him forcibly of funeral plumes. But when the black feathers come to be plucked they are found to be only black at the tips, and even here they seldom reach perfect blackness, except in the mass. The feathers singly are of a dark brownish color, shading off into something approaching very near to black at the tips. Occasionally, but very rarely, a truly black feather is found, but nearly all the black plumes and tips sold in the stores are dyed. Only the wing and tail feathers are pulled, the curly-looking little tips on the breast the curly-looking little tips on the breast which arouse the cupidity of some of the ladies, being left untouched.

The three men who have hold of the bird force him up tight against the corner of the inclosure, and the one of them who is doing

the plucking-in this case the proprietor-stands on the side away from the wing on which he is going to commence operations. He raises the wing, and, drawing it toward him over the body of the bird, he selects the feathers which he considers marketable, and, grasping them one by one firmly in his hand, gives them a good hard pull and out they come. First the great white plumes, then the First the great white plumes, then the smaller whites and then the larger blacks. It must be a somewhat painful operation for the bird, as the feathers have a tight hold and the wing bleeds more or less at most points from which several feathers adjoining one another have been drawn. Every now and then a renewed struggle on the part of the ostrich and an effort not always unsuccessful, to shake off the sack which is over his head, bears witness to his not relishing the situation.

As fast as the feathers are pulled, and

As fast as the feathers are pulled, and this is done very quickly, they are handed over the fence to a man standing close by with a box. Then the ladies have their chance. The amount of discussion which is required before the on-lookers can decide which of the feathers is most worthy to be chosen to remind them of the occasion is surprising. First, nothing less than one of the great white plumes at the end of the wing is good enough, and as these are selling to-day at from \$1 to \$2 they are cheap enough. But when looked at in the hand it is found—surprising fact!—that the feathers do not grow curled and washed, and ready to be worn on hats, and presently a smaller feather of white and gray prettily blended, is espied falling into the box. These vary in price from 25 As fast as the feathers are pulled, and into the box. These vary in price from 25 to 50 cents. or in the case of very fines reach \$1; but just as the purchase is on the point of completion and the fair buyer's hand is searching among the small coins in a lengthy purse for one of just the right dimensions, she becomes aware that her next neighbor has secured quite a pretty little feather for 10 cents; "really quite good enough to keep as a memento." And so the struggle ends, and economy is tri-

umphant. Meanwhile the two wings have been plucked, and the tail, which produces feathers shorter than the best wing plumes but much wider—such as are used for the best tips. Then the sack is removed, and the board which incloses the party having been swung back, the bird is set loose, a queer curtailed-looking monster, shorn of his glory, but probably in a day or two much more comfortable—in hot weather, at any rate—for being freed from the burden

of his great, heavy plumes. Care has to be taken again, as the sack is removed, that he does not reward his tormentors with a kick, which, if well delivered, would easily break a bone, but his inability to kick any way, except straight in front of him, makes it no very difficult matter.

Then the chase is renewed, and the royal consort is, in her turn, humiliated by having her proud head enveloped in the sack, and so the game goes on, till all the birds

so the game goes on, till all the birds which are ready for plucking have been dealt with.

It is very hard work on a hot day, as not only have great agility and considerable courage and perseverence to be displayed in catching the birds, but even holding them in the corner while the plucking is going on involves an almost continuous struggle, more or less severe. The operation takes perhaps about twenty minutes for each bird after it has been caught, and in this time some 200 to 250 feathers of various sizes are pulled. Each bird is plucked twice a year, the plumes requiring a growth of about seven months to reach perfection. The feathers, if not retailed on the premises or in Los Angeles stores, are sold by weight. Ashort time ago they went as low as \$50 a pound, but they are now going up, the wearing of ostrich feathers in hats having again become fashionable. A full-grown bird will give rather more than a pound of feathers between his two placks, but as they are voracious feedtwo plucks, but as they are voracious feeders there is not much profit to be made out of keeping them when feathers are fetching low prices. They are fed mainly on alfalfa, supplemented by corn and almost any veg etable rood that comes handy.

DAILY WEATHER BULLETIN. Indications.

WASHINGTON, March 21, 8 P. M. For Indiana and Illinois-Fair: stationary temperature: northerly winds.

For Ohio-Fair, preceded by rain on the lake; stationary temperature; northerly For Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Dakota-Fair, preceded by light rain in

southern Dakota; warmer; northwesterly For Iowa-Fair, preceded by light rain in Nebraska; slightly warmer; northwesterly winds.

Local Weather Report.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 21. Time. | Bar. | Ther. | R. H. | Wind. | Weather. | Pre. 78 N'east Cloudy. 57 Nwest Cloudless. 7 P.M. 30.18 45 Maximum thermometer, 45; minimum ther-Following is a comparative statement of the

ondition of temperature and precipitation on Tem. Precip.

Excess or defic

	36	0.1
	40	0.0
normal	*4	-0.1
ency since March 1.	*96	-1.3
ency since Jan. 1	*86	-3.9
nanal Obsessations		
neral Observations.		

Indianapolis, March 21-7 P. M. Station. New York city. 29.96 38 34 38 82 Rain. Cincinnati, O... 30.18
Cleveland, O... 30.16
Toledo, O..... 30.16
Marq'ette, Mich 30.26
S.St. Mari', Mich 30.20
Chicago, Ill... 30.22
Cairo, Ill... 30.16
Springfield, Ill. 30.22
Milwaukee, Wis 30.22
Duluth, Minn. 30.24
St. Paul, Minn. 30.24
Mooreh'd, Minn. 30.23
Mooreh'd, Minn. 30.38
St. Vinc'nt, Mi'n. 30.30

T-Trace of precipitation. Note-One inch of melted snow equals ten inches of snow.

Clever Chinese Thieves. London Figaro.

Apparently Chinese thieves are as clever as English ones. A goldsmith placed a box containing several articles in gold and silcontaining several articles in gold and silver on a table in one of his shops. A wily thief went fishing, and by means of a long hook succeeded in pulling off the box and the contents. But if thieves are cute, so are some shopkeepers, for they understand the difficult art of getting blood out of a stone. A man bought a clock and paid in a bad coin. He was detected in his vile practices, but the shopkeeper could get nothing better out of him in the way of cash, so he helped himself to the coiner's wadded coat and waistcoat. This might be called giving a man a cold shoulder.

A Poor Guesser.

Philadelphia Record. Father-Well, how did you come out on Dull Boy—I guessed there was 150 beans in the jar, and there was 9,200. Father (sadly)—I'm afraid you'll never be fit for anything but a weather bureauchief.

Test the garden seeds by sowing a few pinches of each kind in a shallow box of soil, which should be kept moist.

THAT sense of extreme weariness indi-cates disordered blood. Ayer's Sarsaparille